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CATHOLIC WEEKLY INSTRUCTOR;

Or, Miscellany of

RELIGIOUS, INSTRUCTIVE, AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

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CORPUS CHRISTI AFTERNOON.

"Well! we *have* had a glorious day of it!" said my old friend the Colonel. "I little thought when I was young, that I should have lived to see Corpus Christi kept in England as we have had it to-day. Thank God that He has spared me for such a happiness."

These words were addressed to an audience that it did one's heart good to see. It was in the porch of his old Gothic house that he spoke them, when all the family had adjourned thither after dinner on Corpus Christi evening, and a lovely evening of June it was. Around him was his family, young as yet, but brought up in the sterling piety of the old school. Some were seated in the porch, some on its steps, from which they made little starts, by way of *forays*, to pick up flowers, which remained strewed upon the ground after the procession.

"How beautiful the procession must have looked," exclaimed one, "as it wound along the shrubbery, I almost wished I could have seen it from a distance —but at the same time, I would not for the world have been out of it."

"The birds seemed to join in the music," interposed another little prattler. "I am sure there was a thrush going along with us all the way, flying from tree to tree."

"The people too behaved so well, and seemed so perfectly to enter into the proper feeling of every thing, that I could have fancied myself in a Catholic country," remarked a more sedate member of the circle.

"And the children from the school, how neat and devout they looked," added the good old Colonel. "God bless them all."

"And then the banners, and the cross, and the canopy, and all the lights, and the incense, which dear Alfred managed so well, how beautiful, how grand, how delightful it was!" fairly cried out a sturdy little fellow, who clapped his hands with glee as he asked in continuation: "but when will Corpus Christi come again?" and he looked quite chop-fallen when he was answered, "Not till next year, dear." Indeed this announcement seemed heavy to all the circle: for a year looks a long period to children. There was a pause for a few moments, till the good Colonel broke it, by saying,—

"Let us not repine that the day is past, but let us be thankful for its blessings. To me, in my old age, it has been a day of wonders and a day of joy. We will not let it close in melancholy; so come, children, what shall we do to occupy the time till night-prayers?"

"You must tell us stories," they all exclaimed with one accord. "Yes, dear papa, do tell us some of your pretty stories."

"But what shall they be about? Come to the votes," exclaimed, full of glee, the party thus appealed to.

"Why," said Alfred, a fine boy of fourteen, as manly as a soldier on the lawn, but like a little saint in his surplice in the chapel, "you know I always like to hear about those fine old knights who went to Holy Land, to rescue our Lord's sepulchre from those terrible Turks, about their battles and their grand sports. They were grand men those!" And all the boys sided with Alfred.

"But not to-day, dear Alfred," timidly opposed a little maiden, a year younger: "surely you would not have stories about knights and hawks, on such a day as this? Would it not be better to have something more religious, and, if possible, appropriate to the great Object of the festival?" And all her sisters quite agreed with her.

"Well," said the kind-hearted father, "I will try to content you all. So come round and listen.

In a few moments all were placed: some nestled on the ground, some were taken upon knees, but all were still as mice, when the Colonel began

"THE HISTORY OF COUNT RODOLPH."

"It was a beautiful morning in the spring of 1264, when the young Count Rodolph sprang from his bed in his castle of Hapsburg. His heart was light, because his conscience was at rest: for he was a virtuous young nobleman. He had determined to enjoy a day's sport amidst the mountains. He was soon splendidly dressed in a princely hunting suit of dark green velvet and gold, and looked as graceful and at the same time as powerful a youth as Germany could produce. He had just girt on his sword, and held in his hand his velvet cap with its heron's feather fastened by a precious jewel, as he said to himself,—

"'I must go and wake poor Herbert; the child, I fear, ought hardly to thank me for my many infringements on his sleep.' He had scarcely spoken the words, when the door opened, and in tripped his favourite page, to whom they referred. He too was gaily dressed, and all ready, and laughingly exclaimed,

'Ha! my master, up already? You will never once give me an opportunity of discharging my office of a faithful page, and helping you to rise. This morning I thought to have been first. Good morning, however; for a fine morning it is!'

"'It seems to have come on purpose for us,' said the Count: 'but let us hasten down. For depend upon it, good Father Bernard is as early as either of us, and is by this time ready in the chapel. Hark! there is the bell for Mass.'

"So down they went; Herbert, an orphan boy of fifteen, blooming and frolicksome as any page, holding the Count's hand and leaping down the stairs. But when he came to the chapel, he most gravely threw off his sword, and going to the chancel knelt behind Father Bernard, and devoutly served his mass. That ended, they proceeded to the hall, where a most substantial breakfast awaited them, to which they did full justice. The court-yard of the castle was, in the mean time, a scene of boisterous activity—esquires and huntsmen, falconers and grooms, all talking and laughing at once; fiery steeds pawing the ground, and deep-toned hounds baying in their eagerness to start for the chase, made a pretty hubbub, you may suppose.

"The Count, therefore, gave them orders to hasten forward to the place appointed for their day's sport, a forest at some miles' distance from the castle, and get all ready to begin as soon as he and Herbert should arrive. Not long after, Rodolph mounted his splendid charger, caparisoned most richly, as became his rank, and Herbert vaulted into the saddle of a beautiful palfrey and came to his side. They dashed over the pavement of the court, passed under the vaulted gateway, and descended the hill.

"'Thou knowest, Herbert,' said the Count, as they rode together, 'wherefore I have chosen Ahrberg as the scene of our sport.'

"'I can guess,' said Herbert, archly, 'you wish to make a double profit—refresh the body and enrich the soul. You intend, of course, to visit the holy hermitess, Maria, and ask her prayers.'

"'I do, my boy, and wilt thou come with me?'

"'I would sooner lose the best stroke in the chase, than miss it. I always feel better after her kind words and blessing. But listen! what is that sound?'

"They were now almost in sight of the place of their sport, and could hear the cheerful voices of men and dogs; but Rodolph reined up his steed, listened for a moment, and replied—'It is only the tinkle of a sheep-bell on the mountain path above us.'

They proceeded a few steps, and both stopped again.

"'It cannot be,' said Herbert, 'its sound is too regular, and, hush! methinks I hear the sound of voices with it.'

"''Tis HE! 'tis HE!' exclaimed Rodolph, and both instinctively turned their horses, and waited at the point where the upper path joined their road.

"There they sprang from their saddles, and knelt uncovered, and lowly bowed. A poor country curate, feeble with years, in surplice and stole, was bearing the adorable Sacrament of our Lord's Body, as the Viaticum, to a poor cottager far among the mountains. His sole attendant was a little clerk in his surplice too, bearing a lantern with a lighted taper and a bell, and answering to his prayers. When they reached the spot where the knight and his page were kneeling and holding their horses' bridles, they would have passed by. But Rodolph could not think of this; but, reverently addressing the minister of God, insisted upon his mounting his steed, and helped him to do so. Then having asked him whither he was going, he took the bridle in one hand, and holding his bonnet in the other, gently and carefully led the horse over the wild rugged path. The chace and its allurements were at once forgotten; for Rodolph found greater delight in waiting on his own Lord. Herbert, as may be supposed, followed the good example; and placing the boy upon his palfrey, led him in like manner.

"After a long and weary walk, they reached the hut of a poor woodman, far removed from human habitations. They entered in; and the nobleman and his page knelt down, and most devoutly followed all the solemn rites by which the Church assists her children in their last struggle, but principally that heavenly banquet which strengthens and refreshes them. When all was finished they arose, and the count slipped his purse of gold into the hands of the good woman of the house. The priest now thanked him for his edifying attendance, and was wishing him a good journey, when Rodolph interrupted him:

"'Not so, reverend Sir, but I must e'en conduct you home. I cannot allow the minister of God to travel on foot over these rough paths, and I be on horse-back.'

"And so using gentle violence, he made the aged priest mount again; and taking the bridle, cap in hand, he reconducted him to where he had first met him, and then ascending the mountain, through long and steep tracks, brought him to his own village church. Herbert, of course, imitated in every respect his young master's conduct. Great was the edification and joy of the poor villagers, at seeing their venerable priest and his little clerk return so honourably attended; and with tears of emotion they crowded around them as they stopped at the church door. And still more was the good old priest overcome with grateful and tender feelings, as he thanked the virtuous young nobleman and his page for so much courtesy and respect. But Rodolph after bowing to receive his blessing, said to him, 'It hath been no courtesy, reverend Sir, on my part, thus to attend you; forasmuch as I myself am but a poor vassal of the great King of heaven, yea, and His poor beadsman, and I have but done duty and homage to Him this day, as becometh a good liegeman, in attending Him and His holy minister. And now further do me the grace to receive at my hands this my poor steed, with his housings, to bear you forth, whenever you bear to a distance the Body of our Lord; for since he hath been so honoured as to bear the King of kings, I may not again presume to mount him, being but a poor worm and a sinful man.'

"At hearing these words, the good priest could no longer contain himself, but in a tone that sounded to all around like that of inspiration, foretold rather than prayed, that God would splendidly reward him for his piety.

"In the mean time, great had been the confusion among the huntsmen at not seeing their master arrive. Some murmured, but more were alarmed, as hour followed hour, without his making his appearance. At last they scattered in every direction to look for him; and there was an end to the day's promised sport. Some found him at last; he mounted another horse, dismissed his retinue with kind apologies, and rode off with Herbert to visit the maiden hermit of the mountain. What was his amazement at hearing her address him in these words: 'Rodolph, for the humble and devout homage thou hast this day paid to the most adorable Sacrament, our bountiful Lord shall repay thee abundantly, and heap on thee honours and happiness. And that thou mayest not think that I am deluding thee, know that after nine revolutions of time, shall be the beginning of what I foretell thee.'

"Nine months rolled over, and nothing particular happened. Year succeeded year, till Rodolph hardly thought more of the holy woman's prediction. But when the ninth year came, Rodolph changed his title, and from Count of Hapsburg became Emperor of Germany. He was the founder of the illustrious house that yet bears his name; and the present Emperor of Austria is yet bearing the honours which rewarded his ancestor Rodolph, for his reverence and piety towards the Blessed Eucharist."

"What a beautiful story!" exclaimed many voices at once. "And true!" said one. "And how much more interesting than a mere tale!" added another.

"It shows," more seriously continued the eldest daughter, "how much God loves our devotion and service to the Blessed Sacrament. Would He not be pleased with *our* little procession this morning?"

"And it shows too," said Alfred, "what fine fellows those old knights were. Where would you find a modern nobleman that would act as Rodolph did? And why should they not? Is it that they are ashamed? Why should not an English gentleman, who has a priest living with, or near him, and has often little or nothing to do, be glad to know when he is going to take the holy Viaticum to a sick person, perhaps in his very grounds, and consider it an honour to accompany him, and join him in the prayers, and at any rate do honour, as Rodolph did, to the Blessed Sacrament."

"Alfred," said the old colonel, quite moved, "you are right, my boy, and you completely put me to shame, for not having done as you suggest; but what you have, said shall not be lost on *me* at least. However, I must put in a good word for the moderns, and tell you an

ANECDOTE OF CHARLES II. OF SPAIN,

which is very like the history of Rodolph, whose descendant he was. On the 20th of February, 1685, this king went to take a drive in the environs of Madrid. The day was remarkably fine, and the place was crowded with people. Suddenly a priest in surplice, attended by only a boy, approached; and the king doubting whether he was going to give the holy communion, or only extreme unction, questioned him, and was answered that he was bearing the holy Viaticum to a poor man in a cottage at some distance, and had been able to procure no better attendance, owing to the fineness of the day, which had left no one at home.

"In an instant, the king opened the carriage door, and leaping out, fell upon his knees and adored the Blessed Eucharist; then, with most respectful words, entreated the priest to take his place, shut the carriage door, then walked at the side, with his hat in his hand. The way was long and tedious, but the good king went it cheerfully, and arrived at the cottage, opened, himself, the carriage, handed down the priest, and knelt while he passed. He entered into the poor house, and after the Holy Sacrament had been administered, went up to the bed, consoled with kind words the dying man, gave him an abundant alms, and made ample provision for an only daughter whom he left.

"He now insisted on the priest's again taking his place in the carriage. But the good curate, seeing how fatigued the king was, entreated him not to think of walking back, and at length yielding to his importunities, he consented to go in the second carriage, while the priest went alone in the first. When they reached Madrid, the king got out, and again took his place, uncovered, by the carriage door. But by this time the whole city was in commotion. The Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament came forth with lighted tapers, and the nobility came forth in crowds, to follow the footsteps of their sovereign. In magnificent state, the procession reached the church of St. Mark, where benediction was given, and when the king came out, a vast multitude assembled there, greeted him with a burst of enthusiastic applause, which showed how far from lowering himself in his subjects' eyes, is a sovereign who pays due homage to the King of kings.

"This incident naturally recalled to mind the piety of Charles's ancestor, and was commemorated, in conjunction with it, in a Latin inscription, of which Alfred will no doubt be able to give us the translation.

RUDULPHI AUSPURII
ERGA
SANCTISSIMAM EUCHARISTIAM
RELIGIO
CAROLI SECUNDI
HISPANIARUM INDIARUMQUE
REGIS CATHOLICI
NOVO EXEMPLO REPRÆSENTATA MATRITI
A.D. M.DC.LXXXV.
XX. FEBRUARII.*

* Bolandists. Acta SS. Maji, *in fine*.

"It means," said Alfred, "'The devotion of Rodolph of Hapsburg to the Blessed Eucharist repeated anew in the example of Charles II. Catholic king of Spain and the Indies, at Madrid, February 20, 1685.' This is indeed a noble example, and comes more into our times. Indeed, I think I have heard you say, that in Spain, if ever any one in a carriage meets the Blessed Sacrament going to the sick, he dismounts and gives it up to the priest, as a matter of course."

"Yes," rejoined the colonel, "and no one would think of using a new carriage till it has carried the Blessed Sacrament. I have been told by a friend who long resided in that country, that upon getting a new carriage from England, he has kept it for days harnessed, at the parish church door, till the Viaticum had to be taken to some sick person; that its first use might be dedicated to the service of God and His most sacred institution. But, hark! there's the bell for prayers—we must reserve our stories, for there are plenty yet in store, till next Corpus Christi."

"I wish it was not so far off," said one little grumbler, as they all tripped away cheerfully to chapel.

M.

PHYSICIANS, SURGEONS, AND APOTHECARIES.

THE first who distinguished themselves for medical knowledge appear to have been the Benedictine monks of Salernum: they betook themselves to the study of the Greek and Roman writers, and established a seminary, which in medicine as well as other branches of science, long boasted European fame. In the twelfth century, Frederic the II. bestowed on it peculiar privileges, and enabled it to confer degrees in physic and philosophy. Pavia, Padua, Montpellier, and several others followed; and a foundation was thus laid, forming the base of that pillar, which, by subsequent and great additions, now forms a splendid structure which might have inscribed on its pedestal—"To the science and art of medicine." It would appear, that in the monasteries arose that distinction between physician, surgeon, and apothecary, which now prevails. The monks acted, at first, not only as physicians and surgeons, but also prepared their own medicines. It is easy to conceive how the smaller operations of surgery became irksome to them; and not less easy to see how such were consigned to the barbers, who were necessarily in constant communication with them. By a similar transition, the concoction of drugs fell into the hands of the grocer—and thus we find a reason for that union in the city of London between the surgeon and barber, the grocer and apothecary, which so long existed, and which, so far as the surgeons and barbers were concerned, was only terminated by the 18 Geo. II. c. 15.—*Dublin Review.*

It being most certain that the doctrine of Christ cannot deceive us, we ought, in order to walk on with security, to attach ourselves to it with all confidence, and to make a profession of always acting according to it, and never according to the maxims of the world, which are altogether fallacious: and this is the fundamental rule of all christian perfection.—*St. Vincent of Paul.*

MALMORIA.

As fades the day-star in the lucid sky,
She passed from this sin-clouded world away;
And as that soft lamp's gentle beams on high
Are needed not amid the glare of day,
And to the careless eye the heaven's expanse
Seems not less bright when that pale star is gone;
So, to the worldling's gay and thoughtless glance,
When she had passed away—unprized, unknown—
The earth had lost no charm, nor seemed less lone.
Genius and beauty were the gifts that Heaven
Bestowed upon her—and a soul of love,
Which soared to Him who had these treasures given.
Yet even this loveliest creature's woe did move;
Of earthly gold or honours, none had she,
But when her thoughts were breathed in heavenly song,
The air was still at that sweet minstrelsy,
And listening angels would the sounds prolong—
They welcom'd her long since, among their throng!
And she—the lovely and the gifted one,
Was slighted by the cold and haughty train
Of this world's worshippers—nor passed she on,
Upon her luminous path exempt from pain,
For zealous scorn and chilling poverty
Upon her joy did their dark shadows fling,
Until her seraph soul—weary to be
So long imprisoned here—to heaven took wing—
Alas! that bliss to her to me should sorrow bring!

M. E. M. G.

April 4th.

LEECH CATCHING.

IT is known but to a few persons that the above-named occupation is a very profitable one, and that in the country a leech merchant is always looked upon as a substantial man. The fact is, that there are very few who follow this craft. There are two sorts of leeches—the "herudo officinalis," the leech used in surgery; and the "herudo enermis," or common horse-leech, which differ both of them materially in their appearance and properties. The first of these species is to be met with in marshes, bogs, and quagmires, and those who are in the habit of securing these creatures must be complete slaves to their profession, which is that of threshing weeds instead of straw. The leech catcher is to be observed, solitary and alone, in the midst of a bog situated on some wild heath or common, remote from the habitations of man, presenting at first sight to a stranger a very unique and grotesque appearance. Stripped nearly naked, you behold him with a flail in his hands, which he brandishes around him, striking the water in the bog with great violence, to disturb the objects he is in search of. By his side is suspended a canvas bag, which is drawn up at the top. Every five minutes he ceases to beat the morass, and, on examining his legs, which are perfectly nude, he perceives from twelve to twenty leeches, more or less, adhering to his flesh. These he dexterously removes, and thrusts them into his bag, and recommences thrashing the bog. In this manner he will, in the course of a day, sometimes succeed in capturing five hundred leeches, which he considers a good day's work. Before these creatures were imported into this country from the continent, the prices for the commodity in question were very high, and a leech merchant who had a good country and London connexion was comparatively in opulent circumstances.

B. JULIANA

It may be said that the feast of the Blessed Sacrament dates its origin from the fall of man. The patriarchs celebrated it when offering their sacrifices, figurative of the grand Victim who was to come; every nation renewed the memory of it on its bloody altars; for it is the primitive idea revealed to man of a sinless victim capable of expiating crime, that has given to the human race the idea of sacrifice. How otherwise could the thought have come into the heart of man, that God would be appeased by the blood of beasts?

But it is chiefly since the promulgation of the gospel that the feast of the Eucharist has been continual on the face of the earth. Faithful to the command of their Divine Master to renew the mysterious sacrifice of the Last Supper in memory of Him, the apostles have rendered the feast of the Eucharist as ancient and as universal as the church. From that period the Divine Blood has never ceased to flow in every corner of the world to which true christianity has penetrated.

In former times Holy Thursday was the feast of the Blessed Sacrament, and it is so still; and because of this our fathers in the faith always communicated on that day; but the time came when it was expedient that a solemn feast should be added to Holy Thursday, for the moment was approaching when impious men would dare to attack the most holy of our mysteries, the very heart of Catholicism, and by consequence the foundation stone of society. To the blasphemies and outrages of these innovators, it was necessary to oppose a bright manifestation of faith in the real presence of Jesus Christ among men; to their sacrilegious derisions, testimonies of veneration and love; to their horrible profanations, a solemn expiation. Wickliff, Zuinglius, Calvin, ye enemies of the mystery of love, it is against you and your followers that the great feast of Corpus Christi has been established!

God willed that it should be so; but to whom was He to manifest His will? Here let us pause for a moment to consider the application of the Divine Law promulgated by the apostle in his 1st Epistle to the Corinthians: "The weak things of the world hath God chosen to confound the strong;" and let us consider its application in regard to woman, "last at the cross, first at the tomb." Woman, to whom from all the indications of the gospel appears especially to belong the interior life of the church. "They are positively excluded," says Abbe Ratisbonne, "from all apparent functions, from all public mission; and yet they exercise a sort of priesthood in the very bosom of christianity; they preserve as in a depot the seeds of piety. The Holy Spirit in the Cenuili, shed upon them in the person of Mary, the rays of apostolic fire, as well as upon the other disciples. It was a woman who offered on the altar of Golgotha the true sacrifice of Abraham: it was a woman who first announced the great and glorious tidings of the Resurrection. A woman will almost always be found at the commencement of great things. Indeed throughout history we find at all memorable epochs one of those elect souls, who in spite of remoteness from worldly sciences, directs, decides, arrests or advances the greatest events. How much does the world owe to such souls? We sometimes find a virgin simple and pure, living for God in secresy and silence, unknown, perhaps despised by men, who saves the city, the province, the kingdom which she inhabits. And how does she save them? By her love, her sufferings, her prayers, she draws from eternal sources the life she showers around her like celestial dew; she neutralizes by her virtue the effects of the evil which surrounds her," verifying the prophet's words: "If ye find one man who acts according to justice, and seeks truth, I will pardon the city for his sake."

This Divine law received a bright illustration at the establishment of the feast of Corpus Christi. It was in the thirteenth century, that in the shade of a humble cloister there lived a nun, forgotten by the world and lowly in her own sight, upon whom the Omnipotent cast His eyes for the accomplishment of His magnificent designs.

Near the city of Liege was the convent of the Hospitallers of Mount Cornillon. Among the chaste virgins who dwelt there, was the young novice Juliana, sixteen years of age, of humble origin, and born in the village of Retini, in 1193. This angel of the earth being one day engaged in prayer, the Spouse of pure souls, who loves to communicate Himself to the humble heart, made known to her that He willed a feast should be instituted to honour the sacrament of His love. Whether from timidity, or the fear of illusion, the pious child concealed the revelation during twenty years in the depth of her heart, only striving by increased devotion to supply for what was wanting in the church.

In 1230, being elected prioress of the monastery of Mount Cornillon, she felt herself entirely impelled to declare the circumstance. The first person to whom she opened her mind was a canon of St. Martin's, at Leige, highly esteemed by the people because of his sanctity, and whom she persuaded to communicate the project to the theologians and pastors of the church. The canon fulfilled her mission with much zeal, and succeeded in gaining the approbation of most of those to whom he spoke. He particularly interested the bishop of Cambray in the pious enterprize, and the chancellor of the Church of Paris; but above all, the provincial of the Jacobins, afterwards cardinal and archdeacon of Liege, bishop of Verdun, patriarch of Jerusalem, and finally pope under the name of Urban IV. The blessed Juliana being assured of the approbation of so many persons eminent for wisdom and piety, caused an office of the Holy Sacrament to be composed, of which she gave the plan, and had it approved by the principal theologians of the country.

In 1246 the bishop of Liege declared in synod the establishment of a particular feast in honour of the Holy Sacrament, ordaining the public and solemn celebration of it throughout his diocese; but being soon after seized with a fatal illness, he was hindered from completing the affair, nevertheless, previous to his dissolution he had the satisfaction of seeing the new feast

celebrated in his presence. The canons of St. Martin were the first who solemnized it in Leige, in 1247.

But every holy work must meet with persecution; God permits this, that the instruments He employs may be taught that success comes from Him alone. This precious seal was not wanting to the work of the blessed Juliana. The persecution, of which she herself was the object, joined to the death of the bishop of Liege, suspended the celebration of the new feast.

In the midst of these vexatious circumstances Juliana died, and it seemed as if her enterprize would die with her. The thing was inevitable had it been the work of man; but in 1258, two years after her death, a recluse of the city of Liege, who had been her confidant, was urged by the new bishop to apply to the pope for the establishment of the feast of the Holy Sacrament throughout the Church, as it was held at St. Martin's of Liege. The elevation of Urban IV. to the pontifical chair was considered by them a favourable circumstance, as he had formerly approved of the feast, nor were they disappointed. This pope instituted the feast of the Holy Sacrament, and ordained that it should be celebrated with all solemnity, as a feast of the first order. He assigned the Thursday after the octave of Pentecost for its celebration. It is not known in what year or from what place the bull was given; but the brief which Urban IV. addressed to the blessed Eve, the recluse of St. Martin of Liege, is dated in the year 1264.

To confound the perfidy of heretics, to make reparation for the outrages committed against the Saviour, to render a brilliant testimony to the Catholic faith in the real presence, these are the principal motives expressed in the bull. "Without doubt," adds the pope, "Holy Thursday is the true feast of the Holy Sacrament; but on this day the church being occupied in weeping the death of her Spouse, reconciling penitents, consecrating the holy chrism, it has been thought good to appoint another day in which she can manifest her joy, and supply what cannot be accomplished on Holy Thursday."

Corpus Christi is then the feast which the Catholic Church may claim as exclusively her own. Many of her feasts are celebrated "*after a fashion*" by some of those who have separated from her; but no separatist, no heretic has ever thought of appropriating the feast of Corpus Christi, the heart, the very life-blood of the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church.

O LUX BEATA TRINITAS.

Holy and glorious, Three in one,
Of Heaven the never clouded Sun,
While sinks the fiery orb of day,
Shine o'er our souls with cheering ray.

Our morning songs to Thee we raise,
And this our evening meed of praise;
May we the wonders of thy name
Through all eternity proclaim.

Father of the celestial host,
Who with the Son and Holy Ghost
Reignest in Triune Deity,
Be endless glory given to Thee. M.

A SIMPLE TALE OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY, WHICH IS RECORDED IN THE ANNALS OF THE FRANCISCAN ORDER.

(Mores Catholici, Book VI.)

Two friars of Paris, travelling in the depth of winter, came at the first hour of the night, fatigued, covered with mud, and wet with rain, to the gate of a house where they hoped to receive hospitality, not knowing that it belonged to a knight who hated all friars, and who for twenty years had never made his confession. The mother of the family replied to their petition, "I know not, good fathers, what to do. If I admit you under our roof, I fear my husband; and if I send you away cruelly in this tempestuous night, I shall dread the indignation of God. Enter and hide yourselves till my husband returns from hunting, and has supped, for then I shall be able to supply you secretly with what is needful." Shortly the husband returns, sups joyfully, but perceiving that his wife is sad, desires to know the cause. She replies that she dares not disclose it. Pressed and encouraged, she at length relates what has happened, adding, that she fears God's judgment, seeing that his servants are afflicted with cold and hunger, while they are feasting at their ease. The knight becoming more gentle, orders them to be led forth from their hiding-place, and to be supplied with food. The poor friars came forth, and drew near the fire, and when he sees their emaciated faces, humid raiment, and their feet stained with blood, the hand of the Lord is upon him, and from a lion he becomes a lamb; with his own hands he washes their feet, places the table, and prepares their beds, bringing in fresh straw. After the supper, with altered look and tone, he addresses the elder friar, and asks whether a shameless sinner, who hath not confessed since many years, can hope for pardon from God? "Yea, in sooth," replied the friar, "hope in the Lord, and do good, and he will deal with thee according to his mercy; for in whatever day the sinner repents, he will remember his iniquity no more." The contrite host declares that he will not then defer any longer approaching the sacraments. "This very night," said he, "I will unburden my conscience, lest my soul should be required of me." The friar, however, little suspecting danger of death, advised him to wait till morning. All retired to rest, but during the night the friar became alarmed, rose, prostrated himself on the earth, and besought God to spare the sinner. In the morning, however, the master of the house was found dead. The man of God judging from what had passed, consoled the widow, declared that in his dreams he had been assured of the salvation of her husband; and the man was buried honourably, bells were tolled, and mass was sung, and the friars departed on their way.

It is to instances of this kind that St. Jerome alludes in his beautiful epistle to Lacta, where he says, "A holy and faithful family must needs sanctify its infidel chief; that man cannot be far from entering upon the career of faith, who is surrounded by sons and grandsons enlightened by the faith."

"A holy man was accustomed to say, "Whatever you wish, that you are: for such is the force of our will, joined to the Divine, that whatever we wish to be, seriously, and with a true intention, that we become. No one ardently wishes to be submissive, patient, modest, or liberal, who does not become what he wishes."

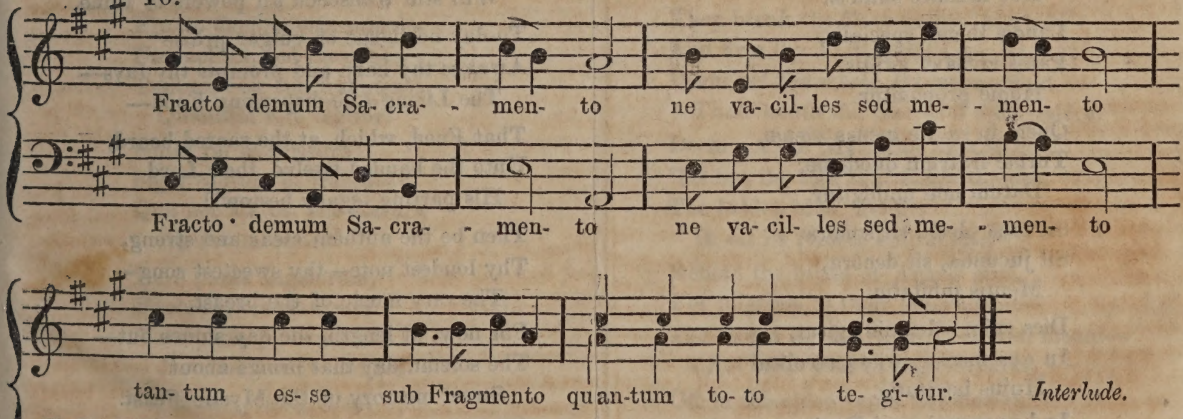
LAUDA SION.

ALLEGRETTO.

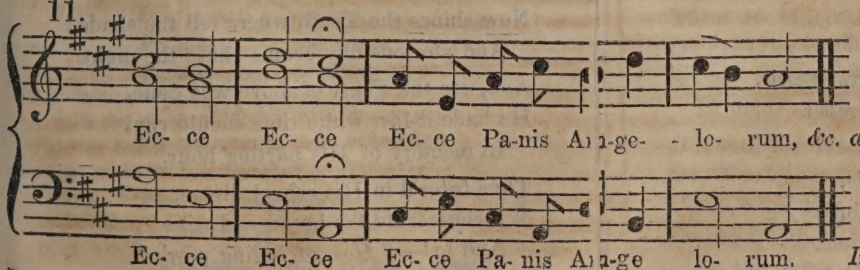
Lau- da Si- on Sal- va- - - to- - rem lau-da ducem et Pas- - to- - rem
Lau- da Si- on Sal-va- - to- - rem lau-da ducem et Pas- - to- rem
in Hym- nis et Can- ti- cis.
Interlude.
in Hymnis et Can- ti- cis.

2 Lauda Thema *Specialis Interlude.*
3 Sit Laus plena *Interlude.*
4 In hoc mensa *Interlude.*
5 Quod in Cæna *Interlude.*
6 Dogma datur *Interlude.*
7 Sub diversis *Interlude.*
8 A sumente *Interlude.*
9 Sumunt Boni *Interlude.*

10.


Fracto demum Sa- cra- - men- to ne va- cil- les sed me- - men- to
Fracto demum Sa- cra- - men- to ne va- cil- les sed me- - men- to
tan- tum es- se sub Fragmento qu an-tum to- to te- gi- tur.
Interlude.
tan- tum es- se sub Fragmento quantum to- to te- gi- tur.

11.



12.

Bo-ne Pastor Bo-ne Pastor Panis ve- re Jesu nos-tri mi- se - re- - re
Bo-ne Pas-tor Bone Pastor Panis ve- re Je-su nostri mi-se- - re - re
Tu nos pasce nos tu- e- re tu nos bo- na fac vi- de- re in Ter-ra vi- ven- ti- um.
Tu nos pasce nos tu- e- re tu nos bo- na fac vi- de- re in Ter-ra vi- ven-ti- um.

LAUDA SION.

LAUDA, Sion, Salvatorem,
Lauda Ducem et Pastorem,
In hymnis et canticis.

Quantum potes, tantum aude;
Quia major omni laude,
Nec laudare sufficis.

Laudis thema specialis,
Panis vivus et vitalis.
Hodie proponitur.

Quem in sacræ mensa cœnæ,
Turbæ fratrum duodenæ,
Datum non ambigitur.

Sit laus plena, sit sonora,
Sit jucunda, sit decora,
Mentis jubilatio.

Dies enim solemnis agitur,
In qua mensæ prima recolitur
Hujus institutio.

In hac mensâ novi Regis,
Novum Pascha novæ legis,
Phase vetus terminat.

Vetustatem novitas,
Umbram fugat veritas,
Noctem lux eliminat.

Quod in cœna Christus gessit,
Faciendum hoc expressit
In sui memoriam.

Docti sacris institutis,
Panem, vinum in salutis
Consecramus hostiam.

TRANSLATION.

SING, O Sion, sweetly sing
The praises of thy Shepherd King
In hymns and canticles divine.

Arise, and dare thy boldest song;
For HE (though high the strain and strong)
Will still transcend all powers of thine.

To-day no theme of vulgar praise
Awakes thy harp and prompts thy lays—
The Living Life-dispensing Food—

That Food, which, at the sacred board,
Unto the banded twelve, their Lord
His parting legacy bestow'd.

Then be the anthem clear and strong,
Thy loudest note—thy sweetest song—
The very music of the breast.

For now, at length, the day shines out—
The solemn day that brings about
Sweet memory of the Mystic Feast.

Within that kingly banquet-hall
They met to keep the festival
Which closed the olden Pascal rite.

Behold that ancient order fade;
Now shines the Truth where fell the shade;
And glorious day-beams chase the night.

And, ere the Feast of Love was done,
He bade it last while time should run,
In memory of His parting hour.

Thus tutor'd in His school divine,
We consecrate the bread and wine,
And lo!—a *Host* of saving pow'r!

Dogma datur Christianis,
Quod in carnem transit panis,
Et vinum in sanguinem.

Quod non capis, quod non vides,
Animosa firmat fides,
Præter rerum ordinem.

Sub diversis speciebus,
Signis tantum, et non rebus,
Latent res eximiæ.

Caro cibus, sanguis potus:
Manet tamen Christus totus,
Sub utraque specie.

A sumente non concisus,
Non confractus, non divisus,
Integer accipitur.

Sumit unus, sumunt mille;
Quantum isti, tantum ille,
Nec sumptus consumitur.

Sumunt boni, sumunt mali:
Sorte tamen inæquali,
Vitæ vel interitus.

Mors est malis, vita bonis:
Vide paris sumptionis,
Quam sit dispar exitus!

Fracto demum sacramento,
Ne vacilles, sed memento,
Tantum esse sub fragmento
Quantum toto tegitur.

Nulla rei fit scissura;
Signi tantum fit fractura:
Qua nec status, nec statura
Signati minuitur.

Ecce panis angelorum,
Factus cibus viatorum:
Vere panis filiorum,
Non mittendus canibus.
In figuris præsignatur.
Cum Isaac immolatur,
Agnus Paschæ deputatur,
Datur Manna patribus.

Bone pastor, panis vere,
Jesu nostri miserere:
Tu nos pasce, nos tuere,
Tu nos bona fac videre
In terra viventium.

Tu qui cuncta scis, et vales,
Qui nos pascis hic mortales
Tuos ibi commensales,
Cohæredes et sodales,
Fac sanctorum civium. *Amen.*

The bread is made His *Flesh*, and then
(This the sure Faith of Christian men),
Into his *Blood* the wine is turn'd.

What though it pass the highest pow'rs
Of sense or sight?—the faith that's ours
Shows more than ever sense discern'd.

Conceal'd beneath the two-fold sign
(Meet emblem of the Gifts Divine)
There lie the mysteries ador'd—

The *Saving Flesh*—our priceless food—
Our drink—the rich and costly *Blood*—
In each, One Undivided Lord!

Though eaten, the Bless'd Aliment
Unbroken still abides—unrent—
Nor knows division nor decay:

Let one, or let a thousand eat,
They share alike the Mystic Meat
Which still remains, nor wastes away.

Good men and evil take the Feast,
Yielding (dread thought)! the different taste
Of ghostly life or ghostly death—

Life pure and endless to the good;
Death to the foul ungodly brood:
O double source of grace or wrath!

They break the Sacrament—but bold
And firm thy Faith shall keep its hold:
Deem not the whole did more enfold
Than 'neath the fractur'd part resides:

Deem not the Mysteries broken lie,
'Tis but the sign that meets the eye,
The hidden blest Reality
In all its fulness still abides.

Behold the bread of Angels sent,
For pilgrims in their banishment—
The Bread for God's own children meant—
(Not to be cast to dogs impure),

Oft in the olden types foreshow'd,
In Isaac, on the altar bow'd,
And in the ancient Paschal food,
And in the mystic manna shower.

Come, then, thou Shepherd all divine,
Thine eye still show the mercy-sign;
Oh! feed us still—still keep us Thine;
So may we see Thy glories shine
In fields of immortality.

O Thou, the Wisest, Mightiest, Best,
Our Food ev'n here, and sweetest Rest—
Come, robe us with Thy nuptial vest,
Co-heirs with saints and comrades blest
In the *Great Banquet* of the Sky. *Amen.* A

TO MY ANGEL GUARDIAN.

Oh Angel Guardian, leave not me
Alone to combat with my sin,
But be thy robe of purity
Armour to case my soul within,
Leave me not, blest one, or I
To endless happiness must die.

Fly me not now, best guardian thou,
But ministering and impart,
The crown upon thy seraph brow
Will not be dimmed, although the heart
Thou soothest is replete with ill,
But spirit pure repentant still.

The bended knee, the deep-drawn sigh,
The bitter but soul-healing tear,
The clasped hands, the heaven-turned eye,
Shall signals be that thou art near;
Thy intercession, holiest friend,
With my unworthy prayers shall blend.

And in the hour of pain do thou
Be near my fainting soul to cheer;
Though agony my frame may bow,
Oh, seal my lips to all but prayer,
And every murmuring thought shall be,
Sweet Spirit, chased away by thee.

When those in this frail wilderness
Would rend asunder friendship's charm;
Enable me e'en them to bless,
My troubled spirit do thou calm;
And praying for them, I'll revere
My angel guardian, best friend here.

And when the hour of death shall be,
Solicit thou that things of time
Mar not my soul's serenity,
But compass it with thoughts sublime;
Be thou the last this trembling frame to leave,
In heaven the first my ransomed soul receive.

MARY.

RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION IN POLAND.

Of the interminable persecution and ill-treatment of the rest of the clergy, accounts from all parts reach us of fresh atrocities daily committed on them. A friar, Sierocinski, being sent to Tobolsk, to expiate the crime of having remained faithful to his church, having found several Poles in that town, began to exercise his sacred function among them; and, during his exhortations, had cautioned his flock against the attempts of the Russian policy to induce them to become schismatics. He was denounced, and the governor condemned him to receive 5000 blows of the knout. He suffered some hundred blows without breathing a complaint, and at length the executioner discovered that he was striking a dead body. From information recently received from Poland, we learn that a hundred peasants of the province of Lublin have been thrown into chains as rebels, and that three priests were knouted and carried off to Siberia, as their alleged abettors to the revolt. —*New Quarterly Review.*

THE PEOPLE TO DO.

There came out among the bounty Irish emigrants some three or four persons of the name of, I think, O'Shanassy. One of these people rented a small place not many miles from us. He and his wife were indefatigable workers. One day my brother, Dr. Howitt of Melbourne, had ridden up to our farm, and we were talking together, when our Irish neighbour came to us to make inquiry after some stray cattle. His dress was of the coarse gray home-spun Irish cloth. He was bare-footed, bare-legged; carrying his shoes and stockings under his arm, that he might not damage them with the dew. "There," observed the Doctor, "you may do your best, but you cannot stand against that. A sheep will bite so near the ground that it will starve an ox to death; and a goose, by biting still nearer, will famish both. Scotchman nor Englishman can contend with that." The observation was just. He and his family came out at a time, when coming at this country's cost labour was dear. All of them were workers, and they laid by nearly all their earnings. They then bought a few cattle; land there was in our neighbourhood that had been bought up by Sydney speculators, on which, as it lay unoccupied and unclaimed, they made free to depasture their cattle. Milk they took into the town, where it sold well. They had nothing to pay—neither rent nor taxes—for at least a thousand acres of land. They soon bought a horse and then four working bullocks; and now and then they added to their stock a cow or two. When people are so very prosperous, it is a pity they cannot live for ever. One day as our neighbour was walking by the side of his bullocks, his shoe-string came untied, and it was the death of him. He stooped down to tie it; the bullocks went on; caught the off-wheel against a stump, turned over the dray upon him, and killed him on the spot.—*Howitt's Impressions of Australia.*

NATIONAL DEBT.

From a parliamentary paper just issued, it appears that on the 5th of January, 1844, the amount of our funded public debt was £772,169,092, and the annual charge thereon £28,516,882. During the twenty-seven years ending with 1844, which the return embraces, the debt was greatest in 1821, when it was £801,565,310, and least in 1835, when it was £743,675,299. The present amount of the unfunded debt in exchequer bills is £18,407,300. In 1818, it was £56,729,400, and has, since that time, been for the most part gradually decreasing. The annual charge on it is now £594,051. The total amount of the national debt at the beginning of last year was therefore £790,576,392; and the annual charge or interest thereon, £29,110,933. The operations effected at different times for lessening the interest on the funded debt have effected an annual saving of £3,051,800, a decrease of £621,893 being caused by the reduction of the 3½ per cents last year.

Humility is the foundation of all virtues: therefore in that soul in which it does not exist, there cannot be any virtue, excepting in mere appearance: in like manner, it is the most proper disposition for all heavenly gifts. In one word, it is so necessary for perfection, that amongst all the ways to arrive at it, the first is humility, the second is humility, the third is humility; and if a hundred times I was asked concerning this, so many times should I answer the same thing.—*St. Augustine.*

THE HOLY VIATICUM.

In the institution of the festival of Corpus Christi, the Church explains her own views in the lesson which is read during the octave from the sermon of St. Thomas of Aquin, which says, "It is agreeable to the devotion of the faithful, solemnly to celebrate the institution of so salutary and admirable a sacrament, that we may venerate in the visible sacrament, the ineffable mode of the divine presence, and that the power of God may be praised, which operates so many wondrous works in the same sacrament; as also that for so salutary and so sweet a benefit thanks as most due may be offered to God." On entering a Catholic city during the octave of Corpus Christi, you find the air in every street embalmed with the fragrance of roses, and the pavement still strewed with the beautiful leaves which had been scattered before the blessed sacrament.

The festival of Corpus Christi was an occasion of adorning the exterior walls of houses with beautiful paintings and imagery. The streets of populous cities were made fragrant with odoriferous shrubs, while the eye was refreshed with leaves and garlands, and mingled rain of herbs and flowers, and every domestic heirloom of rare and costly device was brought forth to hail the passage of the King of Heaven. The margin of rivers, the sloping lawns, and the plains of waving corn that undulate like a mighty sea under the western breeze, now wondered at the unaccustomed brightness of the cross and banners, and, at the melodious chants of men who, instead of wandering over the earth like a race cursed of heaven to pursue its innocent creatures, now, like angels mild, walked in peace with nature.

It is well known what care was taken that every Christian, sick or dying, at peace with God, should have the consolation and support of receiving the food of angels, the adorable body of Jesus Christ. In the darkest and most tempestuous nights, amidst forests and marshy wastes, the sound of a bell, and the light of a lantern, would announce the passage of a priest with his clerk, repairing to the hermit's cell, or to the woodman's hut; and then the poor shepherds would hasten to adore their Saviour, and even the robber from the wood would follow at a distance, drawn and fascinated, as it were, by the mysterious attraction of that faith which he had practically renounced, without having ever been entirely able to expel it from his heart. The zeal and charity with which the dying were assisted during the middle ages tended not a little to impress a new character upon scenes of death. Poor people with their dying words, would desire that their chamber, and the way by which the adorable sacrament was to pass, the way before Jesus, the King of Glory, the God of men and of angels, the God of heaven and earth, the God of time and of eternity, should be strewed with flowers; and to honour the approach of the same mighty Lord, the apartments of the rich would be adorned with whatever in their possession was the most beautiful and precious. To tender and compassionate souls, this hour when He came to give Himself to them, as their viaticum, was the hour long desired and ardently expected—it was the hour of love and of seraphic ecstacy. Nothing then remained but to press the image of Jesus to the bosom, and to wait in silence for the change. This last scene of the solemn act was closed by the Church's holy prayers, which winged the faint soul to mount to heaven, bidding it go forth from this world, in the name of God the Father Almighty who created it, in the name of Jesus Christ the Son of the living God, who suffered for it, in the name of the Holy Spirit, which had been imparted to it, in the name of angels and archangels, in the name of thrones and dominations, in the name of principalities and powers, in the name of cherubim and seraphim, in the name of patriarchs and prophets, in the name of holy apostles and evangelists, in the name of holy martyrs and confessors, in the name of holy monks and hermits, in the name of holy virgins and all the saints of God, that its rest that day might be in peace, and its habitation in holy Sion. This assistance at death was connected also with many remarkable narratives, which I believe would have excited the envy of Cicero, if he could have heard them after composing his Tusculan disputations; for who can doubt but that he would have rejoiced to have been able to adorn his page with such an account as that relating to the bishop in Scotland, who, when travelling alone on horseback among the Highlands, was forced, by a sudden and violent snow-storm, to seek shelter in a poor cottage by the way-side, where he was told that the father of the family was lying in an inner room dangerously ill. Ever attentive to the object of his holy mission, the good bishop desired to see him; and on being admitted, proceeded to admonish the poor man of his danger; but he replied, that he felt assured of his recovery. As the bishop, however, persisted in showing him the groundlessness of his confidence, and in exhorting him to prepare for death, he confessed the secret cause which made him feel so secure, saying that he was a Catholic, and that, during the last thirty years of his life, ever since he had come into that desolate region, he had prayed to God not to take him from the world without enabling him to receive the last sacraments of holy church. Pierced to the heart with reverential awe, the saintly bishop told him, that he who stood over him was a priest and a bishop, that he had with him the holy oils and the precious Body of our Lord. "Then God has heard my prayer," cried the dying man, "and now may he let his servant depart in peace." The bishop administered to him the holy and adorable mysteries of the Church, and before he withdrew the soul was gone to behold its Judge. Equally interesting is the account given of a priest who was hastening on his errand of blessed charity, one dark and stormy night, through some of the most obscure lanes in London, to bear assistance to some poor dying person in that neighbourhood. As he passed, suddenly the ground gave from under his feet, and he was precipitated through one of those cellar entrances which in some quarters of the capital are so frequently to be found adjacent to the wall. Recovering from the first shock, a deep moan, proceeding as if from the farthest end of this

sombre vault, engaged all his attention. "In God's name who are you, and where am I fallen?" asked the priest. "I know you," replied a feeble voice; "you are a priest of the holy Church, come to console me at my death." A child now came up to him, whom the priest, with entreaties and charges of authority, prevailed upon to ascend into the street, in order to procure a light. But the narrative is soon concluded: this poor dying person received from the priest's hands the last consolations of religion, and then expired in his arms.—*Mores Catholici.*

THE LAMP OF THE SANCTUARY.

It is a truly Catholic and sound practice to keep a lamp lighted before the adorable Sacrament. Into the doctrine on this subject we are not going now to enter. We will content ourselves with saying, that whoever will look into this part of the matter, may be not a little startled by the strong and repeated decrees, which make it clearly matter, not of choice, but of absolute obligation, to keep a lamp burning, day and night, before the place where the blessed Eucharist is reserved. How far absolute inability to comply with these orders may excuse from their observance, *without positive dispensation*, it is not for us to inquire; but of this we feel sure, that nothing short of such a distressing motive can or ought. The pressure of persecution may suspend general laws; and an understanding, explicit or tacit to that effect, will always exist where it is found. But the Church is endued with wonderful elasticity; and upon removal of pressure, however severe, and however prolonged, strives and struggles to regain her former position and bearing. When, therefore, we have felt or held ourselves excused, on the ground of danger, from observing certain matters of discipline, such as we are treating of, it seems to become a serious subject of inquiry, never to be lost sight of, whether or no the time is come for resuming the exacter observance of what has been suspended. Nor can the solution be very difficult; for it consists in ascertaining, whether or no the causes have ceased which formed the excuse. Thus—we have not held ourselves bound, for three centuries, to keep a lamp before the Blessed Sacrament, because this would have only pointed it out, and betrayed it, to sacrilegious foes, and brought death on its ministers and ruin on their harbourers. If so, is this the case now? Will any pursuivant or tipstaff be guided, by the holy lamp before the altar, to accuse us of treason or felony, or to seize and profane the treasure which it honours? Nay, will even a thief be thereby tempted? We know, on the contrary, that such a light has proved a protection from sacrilegious rapine. If then the pleas for exemption have ceased, why has not the exemption?

"Because we are too poor to maintain so heavy an expense." Our first inquiry, upon hearing such a plea, naturally is, have you really, and with practical views, calculated the expense of such an appurtenance of Catholic worship? Are you aware that a few shillings a year would defray it? We believe there is great error prevalent in this matter, and that in truth there are not many places in England, where, if the true spirit and meaning of the discipline were infused, means could not be found to observe it. It is, in fact, one of the most beautiful symbolisms in the Church. This light, ever burning—burning through the darkness, the silence, and the solitude, of night; burning in the glare of the most sunny day, in the most crowded service, most aptly represents the unceasing homage wherewith the Lord of Glory should be greeted in that, His dwelling,—that untiring, unfailing, worship which the heart should pay Him for "a mercy, which endureth for ever." That watchful lamp seems to do our duty, and represent our affections, ever glowing, ever bright in cheerful devotion. Is is symbolical too of the ever wakeful homage of the celestial host, who, with unclosing eye and restless tongue, watch and give praise before the shrine, as before the throne, of the Lamb.—*Dublin Review.*

THE NEW ENGLISH BALLAD.

It was merry once in England,
But many years ago,
Before all this ill-blood was bred
Betwixt the high and low;
There was room enough to live and die
For every sort of men:
It was merry of old in England—
Shall it ne'er be so again?

There were none too many to plough then,
There were none too many to sow;
And every man that then would work,
Had work enough to do;
There was beef enough and beer enough
For every person then:
It was merry of old in England
Shall it never be so again?

The English then were cheerful men,
As cheerful might they be,
And took their fill with right good will,
Of love and jollity;
The wives were thought the better of
For bearing children then:
Till some of us are dead, I think,
It will not be so again.

Our fathers then paid their own debts,
And none beside their own,
Nor ever left the children's sweat
In pledge for any loan;
They never dream'd of taxes
To raise the price of grain,
But bought their bread at market-price—
Shall it never be so again?

You know the rare old song, Sirs,
They sang of Robin Hood,
And many a jolly yeoman
That hunted in Sherwood;
In spite of baron, earl, or king,
Those men were all free men;
And merry it was in the green forest—
Shall it never be so again?

Stand to it, noble English,
And look you round about,
And have your hands and hearts ready
To keep your enemies out;
No battle yet for freedom,
Was ever fought in vain,
In the bosom of merry England,
Nor shall it be again

Be mindful what your fathers did,
Be steady of cheer, and bold,
For you and yours shall live yet
Like Englishmen of old;
There's air, earth, water, and fire yet,
There's flesh, and blood, and brain;
It was merry of old in England—
And it *shall* be so again!

Examiner.

ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY
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